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America's New "Peace Offensive"

SECRETARY BYRNES'S radio talk of May 20 does indeed show that the United States has at least a series of positive, short-term objectives in foreign policy at long last. First of all to bring about peaceful conditions of existence throughout Europe at the earliest possible moment. That means a number of things highly difficult of achievement. Occupation troops would be withdrawn from Austria, the Balkan countries and all Europe except from Germany. The general peace conference would be called for July 15 at the very latest and the terms would then be debated by all the victor nations. Genuine European rehabilitation would be unquestionably on the way.

In order to hasten return to peacetime working and living conditions the German peace treaty, also, would immediately go into its preparatory stages. Mr. Byrnes spoke of the appointment of a commission of special deputy inspectors charged with drawing up in detail the various German peace terms. (It must never be lost sight of that the German peace settlement is the key to the whole continent's future disposition.) During the Council of Foreign Ministers at Paris American pressure was for action and settlement all along the line; Russia for once seemed on the defensive. But, of course it hasn't yet progressed beyond the stage of talk.

There were various reasons why the Russians opposed every American move toward the restoration of truly viable peacetime conditions. The troops now quartered in Austria provide an excuse for maintaining communication lines with the USSR through Hungary and Rumania. And as all these troops live off the lands they occupy, they cut down on Russia's domestic food needs. She prefers a European settlement by the Big Four behind closed doors to a discussion of the terms by all the victor nations in the bright light of international opinion. The USSR also dislikes including any freedom of commerce clauses in the Bulgarian, Hungarian and Rumanian peace treaties since that would conflict with economic tutelage which Russia has set up. And as long as the Soviets remain uncertain as to Germany's future strength and political attitude, they want to put off the German solution, too. At every major point the USA and the USSR seem to find themselves in diametric opposition—on basic policies as well as lesser details.

The tone in which Mr. Byrnes delivered his broadcast admirably combines calmness and determination. The growing Russo-American tension is a situation which the nation must face in a similar spirit. At the outset Americans must recognize what deep-seated fear and suspicion are back of present Russian tactics. For this reason our "peace offensive" must be two-fold: it must exert unrelenting pressure against the prolongation of European and world misery, anarchy, uncertainty and chaos, at the same time seeking without sacrifice of principles to allay Russian fears. Such a procedure would have to combine a certain openness of dealing, a frankness in expression and in appealing to principle, with such steps as gradually but surely turning over the atom bomb to international control. Even a direct inquiry as to the guarantees which Russia considers most essential to her own security might do a lot to clear the air. The whole problem calls for an acme of statesmanship and vision, vast reservoirs of patience and good will.

It is difficult to say exactly where an appeal to world opinion belongs in such a program. It is worth exploring since Russia is not yet strong enough not to be sensitive to international opinion. That would seem, in any case, to be a last resort. Possibly it might more fittingly be utilized in the case of something more over-all and more fundamental than an immediate deadline for the European peace conference. If, for instance, America proposed a modification of the United Nations organization which would not only abolish the veto power but also make additional changes which would enable Russia and everyone else to be more secure, and Russia flatly refused to consider it, then the time for a show of hands would have come. And when it does come, such a

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step on the part of the United States must be part of a fully-developed, clearly-enunciated program, not a momentary gesture.

Near Term Over Far Term

THAT IT takes two to make a quarrel is an old saying from which old wives and wise men have for a long time drawn a number of conclusions: There must be some show of justice on both sides; there must be some injury on both sides; somebody must be in a quarrelsome frame of mind. Today, of course, there are questions of justice, of right and of confirmed practical interest involved in all these enormous industrial, financial and labor disputes. Solomon is needed in every case.

Great long range issues appear to be at stake in the major strikes and debates, and the character of our future society seems in wide swinging balance. People see everywhere entering wedges taking the shape of keystones which are destined to support structures of Communism or Fascism, Socialism or Reaction. Doctrinaire men and women want no settlement but one which leads toward the green fields where their personal imaginations rest and feed. Marxists want the State, ruled by their private hierarchy, to take over from the anarchic and exploiting sabotage of private capitalists. The threatened owners begin to stir, and groups like the diligent and frugal "tool owners" appear and advertise that they will struggle anew to preserve responsible productivity from the lethargy of bureaucracy and from the lazy and careless waste of parasite workers whose reluctant contribution to the nation's labor would of itself yield nothing better to our way of life than mud huts and starvation diets. We, also, want to see good trends in social economic settlement: away from absentee ownership and from paralyzing state centralism, toward a pluralist and decentralized society where all men are cooperative and happy and beautifully adjusted physically and psychologically and spiritually.

But the country is a long way from home now, and we don't believe it's the perfect time to bear down too uncompromisingly on long term theory. Whatever it will be or should be or was, the American system right now is simply not capable of supporting existence. Anything further in the future than one to five years looks decidedly in the long term class when you look over your shoulder at the threats of quick inflation, and/or deep and devastating depression, and/or World War III, and, indeed, the fission of the tiny atom. The practical, piecemeal actions taken during these immediate months will determine our future choices more rigidly than the farthest sighted speculations. In railroads, coal, steel, automobiles and all the other industries, besides the question of justice and besides the problem of secular trends, there is the close-up truth that in the meanwhile the society has got to function somehow, to keep men going and to furnish the least foundation for evolution and progress or, even more, for retrogression and decay.

We share what appears to be President Truman's second strongest prejudice, namely a basic and unreasoned confidence in the general friendliness and unlimited potential ability of our fellow-citizens. But the papers we read and the things we see are gradually forcing our reason to conclude that something really does have to be done. (Here, apparently, we differ from President Truman.) In the nature of the emergency, this thing must be radical and shaking in its executive character, while it will doubtless have to be disturbingly conservative in ideological and social idea. We suppose that, economically speaking, it would have to be something like inflation—brutally, if roughly controlled. Industrially it probably must for the time approach perilously to what would *de facto* amount to compulsory arbitration. Politically, the horrifying state would need to retain too much of its wartime power until things get going. The present Administration's persistent shrinking from a leadership which would grasp at these powers may qualify it well to wield them while the operations that produce food and shelter and clothing get going with momentum enough to assure a more leisured period of more productive social strife.

Latest Nonsense in Germany

NEWS that American military government authorities in Germany have ordered the destruction both of military monuments and of books in any way stimulative of the German military spirit—which, if taken literally, would cover a lot of ground, from Schiller and parts of Heine to Hitler and Rosenberg—leaves one gasping for breath. Even the Fuehrer did not go so far, and leaving Americans open to such a parallel is intolerable. But quite apart from the question of principle, which alone is sufficient utterly to disqualify this action, rarely has anything sillier been suggested from a purely prudential point of view. It is totally impracticable, for one thing. If the nazis did not succeed in ferreting out every copy of Heine, what reason have we to believe that we can do it? Especially when we know that we shall not use a Gestapo for the purpose. Or are we, in fact, really trying to build up a mass underground? That, of course, is incredible, and yet many of the things we have done—especially this most recent thing—are perfectly calculated to produce such a result.

What, then, should we do? Perhaps there is

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nothing effective to do. But certainly there is a right direction to take, and that direction does not lie in attempts to eradicate the surface manifestation of what was and is a deep-seated disease. Doctors do not advocate shaving off the rash when a child has the chicken-pox. Clapping a thousand people into jail because they harbor dangerous thoughts is a precise equivalent. Seeking to destroy or efface a nation's history is the most fruitless task ever undertaken by a tyrant, and we are not even wise enough tyrants to have learned this elementary lesson in successful tyranny. It is difficult to imagine anything more fantastic than the projected destruction of the memorials to German dead of the past two world wars. But nevertheless it would seem that any effort to confiscate all nazi literature—or even by force to keep it off library shelves—is still more futile. Few military orders anywhere could have less to commend them.

Washington officials smile sadly and explain that of course they know all this is wrong and foolish, but the Russians (the press said it was the French) were the ones who wanted it and had we refused, we should have given them a reason for clapping the fascist label on us. So we have reached the stage where, in order to avoid being *called* fascists, we must *be* fascists. This is the most preposterous nonsense yet in the game of Russian appeasement—if, indeed, it really is Russian appeasement and not military lunacy. For, however little they may encourage the production of fresh heterodoxy, the Russians themselves have never been great burners of books. One cannot help suspecting that some childlike military mind —whether American or not—dreamed up this latest folly, and that the official excuses are simply official excuses. The President and the Secretary of War had better get busy about it.

Mr. Anderson Should Bow Himself Out

THE National Farmers Union is now calling for the resignation or dismissal of Secretary of Agriculture Anderson on two principal grounds: his bungling of food for relief and his failure to concern himself with the interests of family farmers. On both counts THE COMMONWEAL agrees. The family farm is of incalculable value in our society. It is a powerful force for economic stability, it is a major source for the replenishment of our urban populations, with its disappearance any hope for the decentralization we so badly need would be vain, since it remains the only large decentralized "going concern" in our nation. The Department of Agriculture has a clear obligation to represent the interests of the family farm, yet increasingly it has failed to do so, if only because those who operate factories in the fields have more resources with which to amplify their clamor and demands. Any Secretary of Agriculture is under constant pressure to work with and for the big producers. That he should yield to this pressure is a symptom more of weakness than of wickedness. But weakness is the fatal disqualifier for any cabinet post, particularly one of such signal importance.

This weakness has been even more manifest in Mr. Anderson's record on making available sufficient foodstuffs to prevent famine overseas. There is reason to believe that even in late 1945 he was actually fearful of food surpluses. Those who have labored to prevent—or at least mitigate —the present disgraceful situation can testify to his timidity whenever they sought action. Even today he can refer to such steps as "higher extraction ratios in milling wheat and payment of a bonus to assure its prompt delivery" as "extreme and unusual measures." But even more is his weakness betrayed in certain utterances credited to him, such as the observation that we must supply food to the starving not for humanitarian reasons but because it is cheaper to do this than it is to suppress them by arms, or his remark that we are like a man having a litter of puppies: he decides which to keep and which to drown. A strong man does not use such language. And a strong man we definitely need as Secretary of Agriculture. The National Farmers Union is right.

Neglected Food

DURING the war the British Government was confronted with the necessity of supplying its activities in the Near and Middle East with food. As a source for its cereals it selected Ethiopia, and that fertile country supplied all the cereal needs of those large activities. Not only can Ethiopia raise truly large quantities of grain, she already possesses great herds of cattle which could readily be changed into food for the consumption of those in desperate need. A reasonable contractual obligation to buy Ethiopian grain would certainly lead to the development of a very large source of cereal foods in a relatively short time. Yet, so far as is ascertainable, nothing whatever is being done to make these resources available to the hungry. There is a railroad which could carry them out to Djibuti in French Somaliland, and from that port to the continent of Europe is a shorter distance than it is from the United States or Canada, an infinitely shorter distance than from the Argentine or the Antipodes. Why has nothing been done? Months ago UNRRA received a report from a mission it sent out to survey the situation; it has now sent another mission to check the findings of the first. Is it not about time that a starving world had this source of food, or any other source of food, or all of them, made available to it?

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The Hope for Germany

The two Germanies and Pastor Niemoeller

H. A. Reinhold

IF I REMEMBER well it was Aristide Briand who helped the by now famous term of the "two Germanies" to become accepted and respectable. At the time, in the twenties, it was some kind of discovery for the soul of the average Frenchman still reeling under the impact of the German invasion, the horrible death toll at Verdun and the Somme and still drugged by the one-purpose determination of war propaganda. There seemed to be a Germany of Bach, Goethe, Beethoven and F. W. Foerster and another one of Bismarck, the Kaiser, Krupp and Tirpitz. Germany with the help of this device seemed in no way different from other nations, suffering from infant diseases of the mind and growing pains of the body social and politic. That nation of dreamers, musicians, philosophers and poets, unable as a whole to make a respectable fortune—as are so many individuals of this cast—had simply like other nations, its bullies, its success men, its loud-mouthed and brutal profiteers and swaggering soldiers. Temporarily they had gotten the best of the others in 1870 and 1914, just as the two Napoleons had run the peaceful and civilized French into their mad adventures.

The world has since come to accept the story of the schizophrenic national body of Germany whose ravings were always brought to a head and to a terrific spree of destruction and blood not by the people but by some outsiders or some outside influence. Today we hear, e.g., that the French and their insistence on Versailles, their harshness toward the Weimar government, their indecision when Hitler occupied the demilitarized Rhineland in 1936, their failure to stop him in Austria and their moral downfall at Munich were as much the cause of Hitler and his works as the Germans' tacit or outspoken willingness to let him lead them to military glory or bloody disaster. The "other" Germany, being made up of dreamers, musicians, philosophers and poets, lately also scientists, engineers and doctors, can only avoid being bullied and cowed into abject submission if nursed and supported by past, present and future victims. Which reminds me of the book title: "Not the Murderer, but the Murdered One, Is Guilty."—Something for Franz Kafka.

If these dreamers, musicians, philosophers and poets, and lately scientists, engineers and doctors, do not find this support against their domestic bullies, they begin to become very dissatisfied, very dismayed, very sulky and then they say: you had a chance to help us. But you were hypocritical in your declamations of freedom, justice and peace. You let us down. Now the bullies have it again. That is what happened in 1932, 1933, 1939 and 1946.

Now comes our question: what about these two Germanies and where does the one begin and the other leave off? This question is of tremendous importance, because on its answer depends the whole future. So far there are several answers. F. W. Foerster, Lord Vansittart, most Frenchmen, Hollanders, Belgians, Poles, Norwegians—Mrs. S. Undset not to be forgotten—and many others say: if there are two Germanies, you can, for practical purposes, forget the dreamy, poetic and scientific one. It may be there are two opposing Germanies or else two conflicting souls in every German breast, but you can bet your shirt that it is the bully, not the dreamer, who really runs the other part. Whether this is inherent in the German national character from Arminius *via* Luther to Nietzsche or even Hitler, or whether it is only a more virulent form of the common world disease showing its rashes all over the globe, in the British and French colonial systems, in Russian imperialism and in Jim Crowism, economic imperialism and lynching in the United States is quite irrelevant in the minds of these people, as long as the fact remains that after a short pause of exhaustion, reorientation and stage play by "the other" Germany, the bullies will throw them out again. We don't know why the idealists don't want to fight and refuse to translate their ideals into politics the hard, laborious, tortuous and patient way. Nor do we know what to do with them to spruce them up and make them stand straight. But by hook and by crook we will not be blinded again and not forget that the bullies are there and we will tie them good and fast and watch every move they make.

The American public seems to think that this is roughly the idea of the Allied administration of Germany now—with its Russian, British, French and American variations, because whatever differ-

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ences we see, they are only visible in variations of kindred methods and in details caused by ultimate aims and national character. Our correspondents also let us believe that it does not work. They try to make us believe that we spoiled our best opportunities to win over the Germans of the dreamy kind from their old bullies. They want us to believe that, because any occupation creates an underground and unites the occupied, as the students in grade school are a united front against authority, all we achieve is the incubation of the same old virus, sadder, wiser but also more ruthless than before. They tell us, with few exceptions, that the good Germans will all soon be so disgusted with the occupying forces that they, like Mr. Moravets in Prague, will say: "We tried in vain to sing with the angels, now we will howl with the devil."

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I have not forgotten what two years under the Gestapo meant. I know what "terror" means. And I know too that at the time, when I lived there, the Gestapo was still a beginner, as compared with that perfected instrument which executed three young priests of my home diocese for the crime of distributing a printed sermon of Bishop Galen to soldiers, although Himmler's boys showed their mettle pretty well in the early concentration camps and the great blood purge of June 30, 1934. A combination of God's mercy and a slip-up of the Gestapo brought it about that they took the wrong measure and gave me safety —although I sometimes wondered. . . . I therefore bow in reverence before the courage of men who defied Hitler, some of them to pay with their lives, others with the brittle security afforded them by their high office. And yet, all this indubitable courage, even martyrdom, was wasted, humanly speaking, because it was misdirected. I said so last year in a letter to THE COMMONWEAL which brought me quite a bit of unpleasant correspondence. Since I spoke "from a safe distance," as a former admirer of Papen and his works put it, and "since I did not know the facts," which, however, I did, a great many people assumed it was folly, disloyalty and pure stubbornness to insist that the whole cloud of protests heard as a muffled rumble in Hitler Germany did not release the rain needed to quench the fire and to make the good seed grow. Yes there were protests, courageous ones, contrasted with the silence of all the mighty, the learned, the rich, the revolutionary, the humane and the respectable ones. There were protests against confiscation of church property, sterilization laws, expulsion of nuns, smearing of priests, mercy killing, and finally, late in the game, the lawlessness of the government. Those protests made headlines in the democratic world— Niemoeller, Galen, Faulhaber, Preysing became names symbolizing the few who defied the tyrant before whom whole nations fell down and whom empires appeased. Their courage is undoubted. That one of Hitler's tenets was not to kill bishops but to behead the underdog, that the Reichswehr stood between them and the scaffold does not detract from their merits, because nobody knew whether or not this "security" still held. The great July rebellion (1944) cost the lives of men who were presumably safe. Nobody, especially from a safe distance, has a right to scold men who like good soldiers and even martyrs showed heroism. The indictment is not courage, but blindness. No, not blindness, but lack of understanding.

Last year I proposed, after giving due credence and paying due respect to courage, that in 1939 it was late, very late, but not too late for the guardians of the people's conscience to walk out on Hitler. In a very dramatic move they could have stood over the tomb of Saint Peter and denounced him for preparing war. They could have done this in 1933, 1936, 1938, early enough to warn the world. They could, I say, because they knew that he was preparing war. Everybody did. Nobody doubted. Even the Catholic Youth Organization, over my protest and that of many others, had switched to "Wehrsport"— pre-military training, not under Hitler, but under Papen, the autumn *before* Hitler came to power. When we had our Apostolate of the Sea congress in Hamburg (1934) there were wry smiles on the faces of our French and English delegation when they saw air-raid warnings on our main street and barges on the Elbe River filled with attic junk—to prepare the houses for possible air raids. Mind you, in 1934. Everybody knew the meaning of the new Auto-Bahnen, the roping off of whole counties for mysterious constructions, the constant parades, blaring of martial music and the jokes that illustrated the feverish tempo of Hitler's rearmament. For what?

Thus it appears that the dividing line of the two Germanies is to be drawn at an entirely different angle. The dreamers, the musicians, the philosophers: Heidigger ordering his teacher Husserl off the campus as a Jew; the poets: Juenger singing blood and war and Gerhart Hauptmann licking Hitler's boots; the scientists who switched to preparedness; those doctors, who mercy-killed and the engineers who designed V-2 bombs for aggression are not set against the bullies! Oh no—they will gladly join!

Martin Niemoeller who once was a nazi and a U-boat commander, who offered to fight for Hitler, who was quoted talking nonsense at the moment of his liberation in Pragserwildsee last year, who seemed to be a good daredevil, an honest man, but not very clear-sighted, has now with equal courage and honesty said the word

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that shows the line that really divides the two Germanies: "If Germany's 14,000 (Protestant) pastors had stood together to damn the nazis *in the beginning,* they might all have been shot, but their deaths might have opened the eyes of the world and saved at least 35,000,000 lives." (*Time,* April 22.) It shows clearly that the two Germanies are those of lie and truth, opportunism and character, selfishness and charity, devious maneuverers and straight-shooters.

Maurice de Gandillac (*Dieu Vivant,* 4) in an article on the attitude of the Christians in Germany, has the following to say: "In their official conferences in Fulda (Catholic) and Treysa (Protestant) the highest authorities of the two German churches pronounced, as was to be expected, the formal condemnation of Hitlerite philosophy and nazi methods. This position has in the mean time been confirmed by pastoral letters which only ratified, at the very moment when Christians regained freedom of expression, the heroic courage of the best of them during the terrible years of nazi dictatorship. Clear sighted and well informed observers, however, have not been deceived by certain 'reticences' of both authorities, singularly by the attitude [of a famous prelate] who is supposed to have intervened [in one of the conferences] to stop the adoption of a formula which might have appeared to concede the idea of collective guilt of the German people." He then reports that a few of the most courageous "resistants" among these leaders have since V-E day studiously avoided any statements against Hitler's nazism. He suggests that the explanation might be twofold: conscious of their high office they would not submit to Allied censorship, especially as their spiritual charges then might have felt that even a sincere condemnation of the past was a surrender to Allied anti-German propaganda whose agents they apparently would have become. Some of them actually inserted statements which not only surprised the Allied authorities, as M. de Gandillac says, but which would have surprised American Catholics had our press not charitably ignored them. As an example he quotes one Protestant bishop who, after condemning the Third Reich with vigor and after admitting, with courage, that the honor of Germany as a whole was involved, then turned around to the victors and quoted the Bible: "Whichever of you is free from sin shall cast the first stone." This kind of quotation does no credit to a clergyman: it was not the sinful woman who spoke thus to her accusers, but the Son of God! Nor does it help the German cause either. A famous Catholic prelate tells his people that "nobody but God has the right to judge them and that only He knows their veins and hearts." One prelate who learned a little belatedly what nazism meant, after a short honeymoon with the party which confused many an honest person at a most critical time of decision, promulgated a point-by-point apology of a rather bellicose tone in which he argued for his flock that they were innocent of collective guilt.

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M. de Gandillac and his circle are very charitable in making allowance for the chaotic state of mind of such a thoroughly disappointed and terribly destroyed nation and concedes the shepherds the right to defend their flock against the "material and moral severity of the occupying forces." The Swiss Protestant, Karl Barth, an uncompromising foe who extends the responsibility for Germany's calamity far beyond the nazis and back to Bismarck, yet has only words of hope and charity for his brethren. "Only fanatics will be scandalized." I heartily join our French friends in this.

However he goes on to say that travelers in Germany who have spoken with qualified representatives of the German mind have been struck by a very much graver fact. Christians (like socialists) were undoubtedly victims of the nazi régime. Quite sincerely they claim to have the same title as the French and Poles—this is also the thesis of "Beyond All Fronts" and the battle cry of the Committee for a Democratic Germany with their high pressure campaigning—of being *"résistants"* and liberated. Let us look at the records with our French authority. Practically all Germans approved for a more or less long duration Hitler's foreign policy, and here I sadly remember the plebiscites of 1933 against the League of Nations and 1934 for Hitler's election and my complete loneliness. They almost all endorsed Hitler whom everybody knew to be a liar and deceiver before January, 1933, when he proclaimed his measures against "bolshevism, liberalism," for a "régime of order," for a fight against immorality (with Captain Roehm being his intimate friend and Edmund Heines approved as Lord of Silesia) and his endorsement of "positive Christianity" (with the author of "The Myth of the Twentieth Century," a book on the Index, as the leader in this fight for "Christianity"). To keep the issue clear: the common people did not understand what Rosenberg, liberalism, etc., was all about. They only knew that up to March, 1933, nazis had been refused the sacraments and Christian burials. Nor was the average priest deceived by Hitler. What brought these people into Hitler's fold were their leaders—blind leading the blind. Even now a prelate in a solemn utterance of his calls the army "honorable and decent"—after its leaders' continuous treachery from January, 1933, to the invasion of Austria. Not to speak of their war crimes. and, without

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waiting for the Nuernberg trials' evidence, he throws all responsibility on Hitler's black shirts: there "was no connivance between the two." A bit hasty, to say the least.

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Last October M. de Gandillas went to Germany for further studies. He sees three groups among the Christians. The great majority of lay people and clergy has a very "simple" answer: "Hitler was an accidental catastrophe, something on the outside! Besides, all this is being exaggerated." What about the concentration camps: "Well, we suspected that they were places of torture," but they go on to say that their "suspicion" was strong enough to terrorize them into not participating in any kind of active resistance. The average German Christian did not know that non-Germans (sic!) were being tortured, it is said, and those who were, were "a-social elements." Twelve years of Hitler are to be blamed for their being able to shrug off torture if meted out to criminals, lunatics, perverts, opponents of Hitler and communists—because that is what they called "a-social" elements. Then de Gandillac goes on to report that they claim these horrors "ought to be regarded as exceptional occurrences due to a clique of adventurers, with no relation to the great masses, especially in the West, where even the young men under their brown shirts remained faithful to the solid moral indoctrination which their spiritual leaders supposedly never stopped imparting to them." We may ask ourselves: is this not a revealing statement? Were there a few chapters in this solid moral indoctrination shelved for better times? This is the state of mind of the majority.

Let us turn to the next group. Their vision is clearer. They are ready to admit that the "brown pest was not a meteor" fallen from a distant star, but a plant grown in the particular climate and soil of Germany, and, as climate and soil, conditioned for a Hitler long before Hitler. They even admit that it will take a long metabolism of the popular body to eliminate the poison through boils, vomits and surgery. Yet these same people —*nomina sunt odiosa*—insist, practically without reservations, on defending the attitude of the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen.

One spiritual leader justly famous for his merits, who "cherishes on his desk the autographed photos of the late Kaiser and Hindenburg," blames Germany's exaggerated nationalism entirely on—France's occupation of the Ruhr back in 1923 and holds, believe it or not, that Bismarck's policy was stamped with Christian principles. "It was the Treaty of Versailles and the cold refusal of the world to understand Germany that threw her into despair and frenzy." In other words, the French, not the "good Germans," are responsible for Hitler. This is borne out by a letter here on my desk, dated March 10, 1944, Hamburg, Germany, which blames Hitler in the last analysis, as a by-product, on an international business conspiracy of Anglo-Saxon vintage! This second group cuts short further argument by suggesting that we should "forget stale discussions and unite to fight the last remaining paganism East of the Oder River." So much for the minority, because even their viewpoint is not the common one among Christians in Germany.

This narrows the remaining group down to a few, whom Gandillac calls the élite: among the Protestants the followers of Karl Barth, a Swiss, and among the Catholics Reinhold Schneider, "a poet burning with a fiery soul." These show a deep consciousness of the collective responsibility of the German people. "That there are guilty people outside of Germany these men do not ignore. But they refuse to beat the other fellow's guilty breast." The German is unredeemable who does not first fully admit the devilish character of the Hitlerite "possession" which no magic transcendence can cast out, but which must first be recognized as—sin. "When the *bien-pensants* greeted the Papen concordat as a temporal victory of the Church, when the bourgeois regarded the nazis as bulwarks of civilization against bolshevism, when the laboring men joyfully stepped on the cruising ships of Robert Ley's Strength through Joy organization and saved for his *volkswagen,* when a little later all hearts beat in a common rhythm of triumph over the unexpected and cheap victories, was there *one person* who really was in blissful ignorance of the fundamental deceit of nazism, the lie at the bottom of the whole adventure? Whoever has for a single moment agreed to share in the building of the new Empire, whoever enjoyed even the slightest poisoned fruit of it, be he an excellent family man or a soldier who practiced his religion: before God, he has chosen to sterilize *his* incurable, to enslave *his* Czech, to starve *his* Pole, to slaughter *his* Jew."

Maurice de Gandillac sums up the final verdict of this group: confession alone can cure Germany, not in order to expect any justice from men, but trusting with complete abandonment in God's grace. The remedy lies not on the level of psychology (or psychoanalysis) and the best efforts at reeducation will fail unless the crust of the heart be first wetted by tears of remorse. The Jesuit Father Kueble, in his courageous sermons at Ravensburg last May and June, said this long before Niemoeller and Schneider. Nor does this group expect any solution from political action. This is most important: Reinhold Schneider and his group therefore refused any kind of participation in the famous plot of July 20, 1944, which cost so many lives and led to Hitler's last and

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bloodiest rampage. Schneider saw with clearer vision than all his friends that even had it succeeded it would not have come to the root of the evil. It was heroic, tragic and—wrong. Let me quote for what it is worth de Gandillac's final sentence. "This is indeed the attitude of heroism which is above all virtues. Since it is spontaneous and thankless to the utmost, it is more apt to save the honor of Germany's Christians than all the episcopal *plaidoyers*."

★

To me, it is evident that the so-called "decent" German, measured by standards of bourgeois morality, does not belong to the "other" Germany. To it belong men of the line of the recent Niemoeller, Fr. Kueble, Reinhold Schneider and the number, comparatively small as it is, of unknown and forgotten men who did not bend their knee to Baal. What was the élite and delight among our own Heidelberg and Jena graduates, among our tourists and our intellectuals, what had become through legitimate promotion or successful strife the "leading" stratum of Germany, is hopelessly compromised. Some lost face in 1933—most of them. Some weakened before such little idolatrous tricks as "Auto-Bahnen," order, discipline, humming factories, military success—enthusiastically, grudgingly, half, quarter, tenth—but they yielded. Church leaders congratulated the bloody conqueror and criticized only the discrepancies that disturbed them. What can we expect from them? A certain semblance of order, yes, but no more. Is that all we want?

It sounds impractical and unrealistic, I know it. But in the last analysis a complete self-purge of Germany is the only way out of the cruel mess. Neither Wilhelm Pieck nor Reinhold Wulle nor the Center Party and its tired old party horses, nor the socialists are fit for this task. Somebody should talk plain old Dutch to the Germans. And feed them.

Senators, bishops, politicians, writers, poets and former tourists are busy shouting that Germans are starving and that we are a vindictive, callous, unchristian and mean crowd. To these statements they have added a few things to vindicate the "other" Germany. "Give us bread for German children, because they are innocent" and: "the Germans starve because they were 'occupied' by Hitler longer than the Czechs." What complete, devilish nonsense! "Give us bread for German children, not because they are innocent, but because they are children and hungry."

Those who accuse anybody who refuses to follow their line of indulging in criminal vindictiveness and call one a Vansittartite without ever having read Vansittart, are exactly the ones who use this fine Christian and humane campaign for political ends. They are the ones who use their perhaps quite rightful and justly indignant accusations against callous bunglers and thoughtless politicians to sneak into the consciousness of the American public, especially of the Catholics, the new German propaganda line, built on lies, forgetfulness and national pride. While it is true that the famine in Europe is Mr. Hitler's work and not America's or England's, and only the aggravation of it the result of Allied inefficiency, I see no reason why we should suspend the Sermon on the Mount. I am willing to give all we can spare to Czechs, Poles, Norwegians, Germans, Italians, Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos, more to those who need more. I feel that we are doing the world a disservice if we let certain elements go ahead to use their fine opportunity to becloud the German problem. I am sure that a full stomach, a roof over the head and hope for tomorrow will do a great deal to alleviate the German problem. Almost every week I receive from Germany a letter asking for help, describing pitiful and heartbreaking misery. I certainly have a mind to attend to all of them. But so far every one of them was 50 percent a cry for help and 50 percent accusation of Hitler, the nazis, the British, the Russians and Wall Street. One letter admitted that "we have been a bit gullible." Gullible does not seem to be the word.

Let us draw our conclusions: the American public must beware of a new distinction between the two Germanies. It is not the nice, orderly, neat, efficient, thorough, dreamy German against a gang of meteoric adventurers, as some of our correspondents, tourists and veterans tell us. It is all of these probably on the same side against the Kuebles, Schneiders, Niemoellers—with due allowance for intermediate shades perhaps.

Secondly: watch our correspondents and our own Catholic intramural papers to see whether they try to blur this line, whether they try to sneak the fatally dangerous conception of Germany into our camp behind the photos of starving children.

Thirdly: let us feed those children, not because they are innocent; let us feed their bewildered fathers and mothers, not because they try to prove that they did not know the Auschwitz camp by name even—but because they are hungry and the children of the Father Who let His sun shine over the just and the sinner—to which latter class we all belong.

Two GIs

JOE DEVER

I

"ACTING Master Sgt." Calvin Dryden was my pal. His eyes were a little glazed and he had a way of wrapping his shoulder blades

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around his stomach while everyone else was standing at attention, but he was an obedient soldier when he could be found, and he was, in truth, a very likeable guy.

Cal's barracks mates used to call him an "Acting Master Sgt." even though he was inescapably the lowliest of privates. He was a profoundly genuine "Sad Sack" and Cal, himself, was inclined to agree with the comparison.

I never had to go through the field locater files whenever I wanted to determine Cal's whereabouts. I went right over to his sack in the barracks and inevitably found him abysmally therein. In fact, it's a pretty safe bet to say that Cal is burrowing into some civilian mattress right this minute, no matter where he is.

One day Calvin went out to PT with me and if the bandmaster had known of this he would have had the brass band out to lead the formation to the PT area.

As it turned out, Cal and I played catch with a softball, and you had to be very careful with him. I mean to say, you had to throw the ball directly at him so that he would catch it in self-defense; otherwise he would put his hands on his hips, smile with a very slow-sadness and let the ball go flying by him.

"Now what do you think of that!" was his usual comment as the ball went winging by.

After you had played catch with him for about 74 seconds he would invariably say: "Let's find a nice, shady spot over by the fieldhouse and sit down."

"Okay, Cal," I'd say, "but catch one more."

"Now what do you think of that!" Calvin would drawl languidly with his hands on his hips as the ball went skidding way out into the tall grass on the fringe of the playing area.

Then we'd go over and sit by the fieldhouse while a lot of loud-mouthed maniacs in shorts were playing volley ball and really getting themselves into a terrific lather about the whole thing.

"So this is what PT is like," Calvin would say, "I haven't been missing much, have I?"

Then he'd yawn, and all the weariness, all the bitterness, boredom and futility of war was in that yawn.

And I then knew that many more people in the world should be like Calvin. Many more people in the world should be quiet, kind, and lazy in a way that never hurts a flea, that lives and lets live the way Calvin did.

The way that would never will a murderous war between allegedly rational men and women to possess the land and wipe tremendous numbers of good, true and beautiful people off the face of the earth.

Calvin.

Why weren't more of us like Calvin? Why weren't the nazis and the Japs like him? Why don't the people who hate the Jews and Negroes be like him? And in his way permit a time of rest and sweetness within the "sad sack" globe.

II

GI volley ball was wonderful except that it was apt to bore you stiff. Sometimes in the middle of a hectic game you felt like quitting and slowly walking away.

For there came a time in the life of every compulsory GI volley ball player when he wanted to lean on a pole and just watch a player like "White Banners" McGinity.

"White Banners" McGinity was a chaplain's assistant who looked like Adolph Hitler, or, perhaps, Charlie Chaplin. He had a little, delicate black moustache which he absolutely would not shave off no matter what amounts of vilification you heaped upon him.

And when he looked at you, you could almost see some white banners fluttering in the distance.

McGinity was a pretty fair athlete, too, and in his athletic shorts he looked as if he had a good "building," as your friend Tony the banana man might say.

Occasionally McGinity would leap way up into the air and deflect the ball adroitly down into a corner of the volley ball court, scoring a point for his side as nicely as you please.

"Hey, that's terrific," you'd say to the shy and unassuming corporal who was the ministering angel of your local chapel.

Then McGinity would blush a deep rose, give you that "white banners" look and continue on with the game.

By this time the game would be getting a little rugged. Everyone was knocking the be-jabbers out of the ball, laughing maniacally, and showering a torrent of insulting remarks upon the opposition.

"The sun was in our eyes," one guy said after helping quite substantially to lose a game. "That's a home run in Ebbets Field," said another GI who had just batted the ball far beyond the foul lines. Everybody was yelling and guffawing except McGinity who played his consistently good game, deftly and without comment.

Finally the PT instructor tooted his tooter signifying that the period was ended and everyone marched back to the barracks.

You took a shower, dressed, went to supper and when you came back to your bunk, you found a little religious pamphlet tucked under your pillow entitled: "Who Knows, the World May End Tonight!"

Aha, it was from "White Banners" McGinity and he was worried about your corroding soul again.

He won volley ball games for you, he swept

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under your bunk before inspection, he brought your soiled laundry over to the supply room, he told you what was on the bulletin board, and he led you by the hand to your bunk when you had gone into town and done it again.

That was "White Banners" McGinity.

And when you thanked him sincerely for doing all those nice things, he looked away and blushed.

You almost saw the "white banners" fluttering in the distance and you said to yourself a trifle feverishly:

"Maybe I should go to church or something!"

Watt in Wonderland

FRANCIS DOWNING

A CURIOUS piece of reasoning was unfolded the other day before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Not the least curious and remarkable thing about it was that it was shaped in the mind of a labor leader. That labor leader was Robert J. Watt.

Robert J. Watt, of the AFL, is one of the more sanely articulate leaders in the American Federation. His mental operations usually receive my admiration. His honesty and integrity are recognized. He has a good deal of imagination and he recognizes that many things have happened in America which Samuel Gompers did not dream of. What strange devices, then, bring Mr. Watt before the Chamber of Commerce? Ordinarily the Chamber does not ask labor leaders to address it. As I write the Chamber is considering a resolution to repeal the Wagner Act. The Chamber wants price controls removed. It is opposed to such health and welfare levies as have recently been suggested by John L. Lewis.

But what the Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Watt seem to have in common is an antipathy to communism. This is an antipathy I share. But for the Chamber all communists seem to be members of the CIO. Mr. Watt, I gather, also shares this point of view. From hatred of communism one can be led into strange, dark alleys where—as in all dark alleys—all shadows, sights and sounds are footpads, and reason is in flight.

Surely Robert Watt does not want OPA price control removed. He is too intelligent a man not to know the enormous and incalculable harm that would follow such relaxation. One could make out a case for the statement that the AFL has benefited more under the Wagner Act than has the CIO. Mr. Watt must know that.

Despite all of this Mr. Watt went before the Chamber and charged, according to the New York *Times* of May 2, that communists are in part responsible for this year's wave of strikes. These strikes, he said, were timed to coincide with the needs of "those who are devoted to the class struggle." They were not strikes at all but "purely political demonstrations."

Now I think that one ought to be especially careful about dealing, thus, with words. That communists are a part of the labor movement is unhappily true. Men who love liberty deeply are not at all certain that we have any right to ban them either from membership or from office in unions. Among them is my friend John Cort. I cite him in order to indicate that people whose allegiance is equally committed to the labor movement can have opposite opinions about this thing. It is for many, as it is, I daresay, for Mr. Cort, a moral problem. And moral problems are not easily satisfied by short-hand formulae.

In any event it is not true that the recent strikes were the work of communists. It is true, of course, that wherever they were they participated in strikes called by unions. It is true that they called for a general walkout recently in New York. That would have been a "political demonstration." And it is equally true that Mr. Murray, the president of the CIO, put the quietus on it. It seems to me that Mr. Watt had a moral obligation to be specific about this thing. And that he was not.

To say that the strikes were timed to coincide with the desires of "those who are devoted to the class struggle" is to put things too simply. It is to leave a clearly false impression. Does Mr. Watt mean that the GM strike is to be thus described? All the facts show otherwise. Did Mr. Murray call the steel strike because he was devoted to the "class struggle"? How manifestly absurd. When the AFL Teamsters helped the striking meat-packers, did this mean that that part of the Federation was praying to Saint Marx? Cost of living pay demands, attempts to maintain wartime take home pay, the natural desire to close the scissors spread between wages and prices, management's refusal to bargain, the feeling that industry wanted to liquidate unions—all these things form the context of the strikes. They were as much related to the "class struggle" as they were to Mohammed.

From this kind of thinking Mr. Watt was led into what, at the outset, I called a curious piece of reasoning. For he declared that unions engaging in political action were obstructing industrial peace. Moreover, he recommended that unions operating as political organizations "quit being trade unions or frankly admit their identity as hybrids." The trouble here, I think, lies in the meaning of the word *political*. For it can cover so wide a field that it admirably serves as a meaningless critical catchall.

Now it is the opinion of unions which engage in political activity that they are not obstructing

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industrial peace at all. They are advancing industrial peace. For industrial peace is not alone the warp and woof made up of collective bargaining, of grievances, of wages. It is much more than that. Industrial peace can no longer be separated from any other kind of peace. Whether they like it or not; whether or not they recognize it, what happens in Spain is of importance to every auto worker, to every AFL carpenter. What is the price of labor in Bolivian mines, as Martin Kyne sometime ago pointed out in this paper, has enormous meaning for every American worker.

But we can bring it nearer the bone than that. If a labor union, through collective bargaining, wins a wage increase, does that contribute to industrial peace? Let us take a concrete case. Walter Reuther won for the GM workers a wage increase of 18½c an hour. But the "reconversion formula" of the OPA allows an increase of from $150 to $250 on 1941 car models and a price rise of from $40 to $140 on 1942 models. Beyond this the OPA now grants a "second round increase" of from $16 to $60 more. Obviously this increase is going to lessen the amount of the pay rise to any auto worker who wants a new car. For this reason, among others, Mr. Reuther, in behalf of his union, protests to the OPA. He wants an investigation of the basis on which such price increases are made. He points out that this may very well be a device "that will provide manufacturers *of all reconversion products* with a handy mechanism for making great profits out of the recent wage increases."

Is Mr. Reuther's protest an exercise in political action? Of course. But if Mr. Reuther is right—as he clearly is—and OPA has its way in this, industrial peace is fragmented and shattered. What would Mr. Watt have us do? Be silent in the face of this? Or would he have us start collective bargaining all over again? So that you win higher wages by a strike and they are lost in higher prices? You have another strike; win another increase and lose it again in rising prices. Is this treadmill industrial peace? And suppose that a socially illiterate Congress kills OPA altogether. Should unions eschew political activity to preserve a spurious industrial peace? There is far more to this question, as Mr. Watt well knows, than approval or condemnation of PAC.

Unions take part in political action on all fronts because the very nature of their existence thus compels them. During the war many phases of our lives were being determined in Washington. There is no immediate prospect that this will largely cease to be true. Since, then, the character of our economic lives is so much determined by politics and by politicians, it is sheer myopia *not to recognize it, and knowing it to act upon it.*

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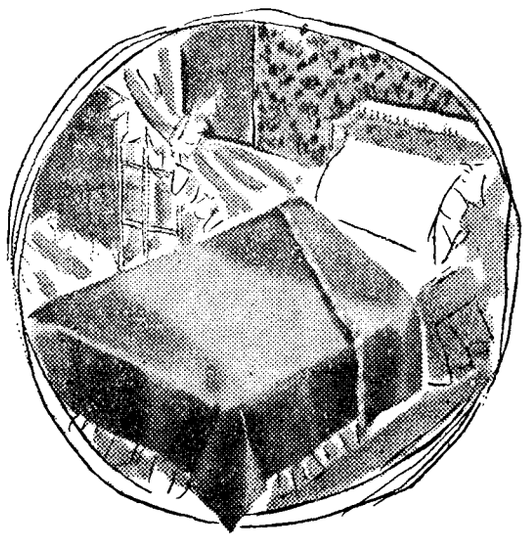

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the military is as of much concern to a trade unionist as it is to a teacher or a poet. A revised Case Bill, whose parent was designed to hurt the labor movement, is still in Congress. Dramatically revealing the state of our health was the rejection by draft boards of 40 percent of our men and 33 percent of WAC applicants. Veterans are re-enlisting because they cannot get work at such wages as will enable them to live while Congress refuses to establish a wage floor of 65 cents an hour. This state of affairs does not contribute to industrial peace, or social peace, or any kind of peace.

These are but a few of the things that are in or out of our current political hopper. Unions have definite ideas about them—as do all intelligent citizens. They have a right and a need to write these ideas into law. The day of applauding speakers at mass meetings is over. Ideas are translated into fact if enough men mobilize their political strength so to translate them. They may or may not use a PAC technique. But to say that a trade union engaging in political action is leading a hybrid existence is like saying that marriage is a relation between people of different sexes. Actually you can't have one without the other.

The Stage & Screen

Uncle Vanya

IT IS honestly impossible not to draw comparisons between the Chekovian doings at the New Century and a number of the scenes so wonderfully pictured by Charles Addams for his family of ghouls. The appropriate choice would be, I suppose, that particular firelit prospect where the caption reads, "Are you unhappy, my darling?" and the answer follows, in lyric crescendo, "Ah, yes, yes, completely!"

This is not to say that all is unrewarding in the Old Vic's production—Laurence Olivier's work in the enormous and difficult part of Dr. Astrov is extraordinary, I think—but I did think the play came off even sillier than it need have done, and there were physical details, particularly with regard to John Sullivan's lighting, which were incomprehensible. At the risk of starting a discussion of nationalism, I must say at once that I think there is a kind of human volatility which is inexplicable to the Anglo-Saxon mind; or better than inexplicable, inimitable. This quality, a kind of rapid transience between mood and passion, is surely the first property of any Russian person one has ever known, and is as surely the spring to most of the characters in Chekhov's plays. But it is a quality I have seen rarely grasped in any Broadway revival where the people are chiefly played, and cut to, for their singularity rather than plurality of mood. And it is interesting to note that the best Chekhov we have had, the Civic Reportory productions long years ago, directed and played in by Eva Le Gallienne and Alla Nazimova, were performed by a more or less cosmopolitan company who seemed, for some reason, quite easily capable of this especial emotional variance. On the other hand, in their recent revival of "The Cherry Orchard," when both Miss Le Gallienne and Margaret Webster enacted the chief rôle, it was immediately seen that, while the former's exploration of the part was round and searching, Miss Webster's "Lyubov Andreyevna" came off flat indeed: of a stupefying archness and nothing more. I do not mean to imply that the English cannot understand the Russians (the discussion is anything but political); but I surely do not think that they act them very well.

Certainly John Burrell's direction of the present piece is all in one line and, moreover, is so insistent upon a legendary "fourth-wall" technique of staging that the business becomes, I feel, cumulatively embarrassing. Here we have a Vanya who is only foolish, a Yelena who is only indolent, a Sonya who is endlessly only sad. And as all of these people have been instructed in the matter of persistent pauses and long penetrating gazes into the eyes of the audience, their effect is somewhat grotesque. As though it were the privacy of the public that was under examination, rather than that of the peopled scene. Ralph Richardson in the name rôle seemed a little irresponsible in the manner in which his Falstaffian falters were transplanted into a South Russian milieu, although I expect it is graceless to expect two bibulous characters, played by the same man, to display an arpeggio of gesture: graceless but necessary.

Margaret Leighton's Yelena is intensely beautiful, but static; Joyce Redman's Sonya is intensely intense, but likewise. Only when Mr. Olivier is on-stage is there a breath, even a sigh, of life; though I do want to underline Nicholas Hannen's Professor as straight, sure and funny. But it is Mr. Oliver's evening, if it is an evening: he seems incapable of being boxed, patterned, cut, or even reflected into the mere mirror of a man. On the whole, I should say one's over-all impression of the production is one of foreignness: foreignness of property, custom, manner, and of scene (a scene where a naked grueling electric light sits as precisely in your eye as do the floods of simultaneous sunset out the door). But this foreignness is one not only shared by its players; even more, it seems to be stimulated by them. (*Theater Incorporated, at the New Century.*)

Come Marching Home

THE Blackfriars' last of the season is extremely neat stuff. Robert Anderson's political picture of a small Eastern city, U.S.A., 1946, successfully resolves its theme and characters and, by so doing, deserves more prizes, I should say, than those already received. This story of a young naval officer, returned home to live; logically forced into political doings; logically smeared; and moreover, logically concluded; is more plainly a novelty than the big street has been able to boast for seasons. I liked it very much. Mr. Anderson's power and facility can now, I think, support a little experimentation and abandon the

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several stock devices of type and situation which he employs in this first business. Although indeed the physical requirements of his script have successfully tapped the Guild's ability to experiment in design, direction, and playing. Their one-set contrivance for a tiny stage, in which innumerable people and events must occur, seemed to me fine; and the players, under the guidance of Dennis Gurney, securely at home: Clark Howat, Inge Adams, Thomas G. Monahan, especially. A good evening. (*At the Blackfriars' Theater.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Month of Brides and Roses

SINCE there's no accounting for tastes in humor, I must report three new comedies over which the critics are not agreeing.

"The Well-Groomed Bride" pretends *to be no more* than the fluff it is. Director Sidney Lanfield, aiming at speed, achieves it by letting his smooth cast romp gayly and ripple off the script's cute lines at a fast rate. The fuss is over a magnum of champagne. Olivia DeHavilland wants it to welcome back her fiancé (Sonny Tufts), an army lieutenant said to be "possibly the best football player Oregon ever had." Ray Milland, as a navy lieutenant, wants it to smack against a ship at a launching. Who gets the magnum (the last in San Francisco) and which boy gets the girl really don't matter. Tufts turns out to be a conceited muscle; and Milland, though brighter than the army man, is no longer the thoughtful hero of "The Lost Weekend." These leads are supported by Constance Dowling as another of Tufts's admirers, by James Gleason as Milland's hard-boiled captain, and particularly by Percy Kilbride as Olivia's father who never really finds out what's going on here anyway.

Most romantic comedies wind up in a clinch and talk of marriage. But in *"The Bride Wore Boots,"* the couple have already been married seven years and are now inconsiderately heading for divorce. She, as an enthusiastic member of Virginia's horsey set, can't stand the adoring females who clutter up the house with themselves and presents for her husband. He, a best-seller novelist who even gets sick at the smell of horseradish, refuses to sit on (or be thrown by) one more horse. There are more complications like the other man and woman. But all this foolishness does lead to divorce, and then there's lots more foolishness before it leads to sanity again. Director Irving Pichel works hard over the thin story, but never achieves more than a tedious mixture of semi-serious discussions, farce and slapstick. It is unfortunate that such a good cast, who also try hard, should be wasted on this material. Barbara Stanwyck even whinnies as the boot-wearing wife, and Robert Cummings registers hatred for horses and love for his family as if he meant every word. Diana Lynn and Patric Knowles show a little too much enthusiasm for the divorced husband and wife respectively; while Peggy Wood and Robert Benchley add some high comedy to the generally slow proceedings. Perhaps this movie, in scrutinizing estrangement over inconsequentials, means to argue against divorce. After its riotously funny scenes at the Maryland Cup Races, how-

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ever, I suspect its conclusion is: you never can tell what will happen when a horse loves a man.

As a French movie, *"Heartbeat"* may have worked out all right, but as an American film, it is such a conglomeration of various styles and *glamours* that its superficiality becomes too obvious. Perhaps its story (about a girl, trained in a school for pickpockets, who finally wins her prince charming) should have been told as a fairy tale. Under Sam Wood's direction, the occasional realism makes one realize how unfortunate is the happy ending in which the waif teams up with the handsome young French diplomat. From time to time, the film lights up—as in the satirical scenes showing Basil Rathbone running the school for thieves, or when Adolphe Menjou catches the heroine at work. But the picture drags through the romantic episodes and not even the attractions of Ginger Rogers and Jean Pierre Aumont can sell its story. Brides like June may be busting out all over, but they shouldn't be tacked on to every movie. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Dust on the Peacock Throne

ANNE FREMANTLE

SYMBOL of their overlordship of all India, the Peacock Throne of the Moghul Emperors at Delhi was retained, when the British "took over," not functionally, as a fetish (as was the stone Edward I stole from Scotland) but as a museum piece or trophy.

Now as, for India's greater good or greater evil, the near two-century-old British rule draws to a close, the dust that has settled on the throne may be said metaphorically to be stirred by a spate of apologetics, pro- and anti-British.

Both are extraneous to England itself, where the two parties, Conservative and Labor, are united in one longing—to get rid of India, as soon as it can be done, without economic and imperial suicide resulting. For there's the rub. Though, before World War II, there were less than 100,000 Englishmen in the Indian Army, Government, business and professions, yet in 1930 the total of British capital invested in India was over $2,000,000,000—more than in any other area of the world, and, in spite of now being down to about $1,000,000,000, India still represents three-quarters of the total population of the British Empire. Indian imports from Britain have dropped from 63 percent of the total in 1914 to 30.2 percent in 1939, and exports are down to 35 percent of the total (with another 18.1 percent to the rest of the Empire).

Yet, at the height of the 1942 disturbances, when 60,000 Indians were arrested, 940 killed and 1,630 wounded, and again when the 1943 famine had caused the death of millions by starvation, the average attendance of members of either the House of Lords or the House of Commons at debates on India was smaller than on any other subject—even Rooks and Rabbits!

Still, though India is not "news" in Britain, it is become "headline stuff" in this country. American public opinion has fluctuated considerably. Until Pearl Harbor, India was the biggest single stick with which the anti-British elements in this country belabored the Empire; then the Cripps Mission swung US opinion temporarily toward Great Britain. However, the dispatches of correspondents such as Mr. Cecil Brown (whose book "Suez to Singapore" was deservedly a best-seller), Mr. Robert Martin, Mr. Louis Fischer, and reports such as those of the American Technical Mission on the industrial condition of India (made in 1942) and of Ambassador Phillips on the political and psychological set-up, did much to reverse the new sympathy once more in favor of India against England.

Now, since the 1945 elections and the departure from England of a new "Cripps Mission" with Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Mr. Amery's successor at the India Office, for its chief, US public opinion is once more disposed to take a kindlier view of Britain's difficulties. Meanwhile, all this interest in India has been productive of nothing but good on the literary and educational front, and has resulted in a number of first-rate books and pamphlets of a purely informative nature, as well as in several works of real imaginative and artistic merit.

Of these latter there is no doubt that Christine Weston's "Indigo," published now nearly two years ago, still stands head and shoulders above the rest. Miss Weston has contributed a warmly commendatory preface to "Ruler's Morning," a collection of short stories by a young Yugoslav, Joseph Hitrec (Harper, $2.50). These are all tales of tension, examples of "and nothing can be done about it." The title story, a study in the moods of an average "white sahib" before breakfast, is a series of "shots" of the never-meeting but closely proximate East and West, from different angles. And in every story, these gulf-divided two are the protagonists, incarnated now in a half-caste seducing a white man to get herself a white child ("whiteness is all"), now in a white woman "Lucy," but for whom "the men would be wearing dhoties and eating curry and perhaps learning the language . . . Lucys saved the men from themselves, Lucys looked forward, never back. I raise this glass to the darlings." Now the protagonists are expressed by a child sublimating his agonized jealousy of his stepfather (white) by running away to the native quarter and giving his all to have a mongoose kill a king-cobra; now by a young student wreck-

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ing his mother's hopes—she has spared herself nothing to give him a good education—by shouting "Inquilab"—"Quit India"—in the face of the bored magistrate, who would gladly spank him and send him home, but is obliged to send him to prison; now by Michael Curtiss, manufacturer's representative, separated from his wife, and muttering that fasting at his (*sous entendu*, Gandhi's) age is moral violence.

In the best story, "Two on Kumaon," it is again the white woman who prevents her husband from understanding, in this case, not the people but the place, the high hills. "Thinking, I might as well, he pressed his eyes to keep out the sunlight, then worked his way up once more, range by range, up to the summit of the jagged line that towered everything—Nanda Devi. Further to the right, Nandak and Api, and further still, Simikot, pink in the distance like a rayon slip. Like something he knew from so much imagining, perhaps even better. He went back to Nanda Devi—wasn't she a beauty! He traced the sharp, steep line of her shoulder, and, climbing slowly along, came to the conical peak. Getting there his eyes narrowed from strain. The magnificent cheat, he said aloud."

Kumaon (the high country of the United Provinces, whose Governor contributes an introduction) is also the setting of Major Jim Corbett's book about big-game hunting: "Man-Eaters of Kumaon" (Oxford University Press, $2.50). This, which was a Book Society Choice, is a quite extraordinary book, prefaced by Lord Linlithgow, the late Viceroy. It is a sahib's book by a sahib. Its charm is that it is an absolutely perfect boys' book—as safe a choice for any 12-year-old as Mowgli or Bevis long ago. For the adult, this book's surprising charm lies in its naïveté, in its unaffected delight in every instant of the chase. The reader's limbs ache with the author's after he has described one of his sixteen-hour vigils in a tree, with his .275 cramped in the crook of his arm, or strapped to a neighboring bough. "As I stepped clear of the giant slate, I looked behind me over my right shoulder and—looked straight into the tigress's face. I should like you to have a clear picture of the situation." We have.

Major Corbett states that he had the reputation of being keener on photographing animals than on killing them, but the gusto with which he disposes of bears (who make noisy companions at night in a tree) and leopards, and the disappointing examples of photography in this book rather give the lie to this assertion. Yet Major Corbett has a weakness for tigers: they never eat people, he states, unless they are prevented by age or illness from reaching their proper prey, deer and buffalo, and in one case he goes so far as to say: "Pleasure at having secured a magnificent trophy—he measured 10 feet 3 inches over curves, and his winter coat was in perfect condition—was not unmixed with regret, for never again would the jungle folk and I listen with held breath to his deep-throated call resounding through the foot-hills." It is an affection analogous to that Mr. Gladstone felt for the tree he so constantly felled.

The human inhabitants of Kumaon appear either as the terrorized victims of a man-eating tiger or as the grateful recipients of the safety brought them by the doughty Major. Yet these are the people whose songs and poems, recently translated into English, are so simple yet simultaneously so sophisticated as to influence poets like Stephen Spender and Louis MacNeice. One would never guess the natives' gifts from their rôle in Major Corbett's life, which is to bring tea or to show pug marks: they are service and chorus.

Very different is the attitude of Clive Branson, whose letters home to his wife have been posthumously published ("British Soldier in India," International Publishers, $1.25). This ex-International Brigadier, a very sensitive young painter, with a one-man show at the Lefevre Gallery to his credit, aged 24, was killed on the Arakan front in February, 1944. He had a superb eye for color, and a sympathy that includes even the benighted British, homesick for "Blighty." This is a rarely fresh and April-haunted little book: Branson has that same unembittered and surprised serenity and clarity that Sandra Rau showed in her "Home to India." He is not afraid

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to condemn, for example, the "bloody idiots in the regular army who . . . indulge in abuse of the Indians. They treat the Indians in a way which not only makes one tremble for the future but which makes one ashamed of being one of them." Nor to praise: "The little town of Karwar is not at all interesting but for the schools and public library, most beautifully kept and with quite a number of good books." He gives a fine account of the local boys' school headmaster, who invited "one of our fellows to give a talk on English education. Imagine six British private soldiers being invited to an Indian school to speak on education—and imagine six British soldiers heartily accepting the offer! It was a roaring success . . . questions were invited on *all* subjects. Many were on education, but some of the boys asked such questions as 'Britain has ruled India for 150 years . . . if India had conquered Britain, how long would it rule?' " And Branson ends his entry for that day, "All the time at Karwar I had a curious idea running through my mind . . . that I, coming literally out of the blue, should speak to them on what Wordsworth said to me over a hundred years ago. As though space were catching up on time." There have, praise be, always been Englishmen like that, though, alas, too few.

The Labor Movement

Congress Is Mad Again

JOHN L. LEWIS may have shriveled the coal supply, but there is no lack of heat in the halls of Congress. Back in February a similar wave of indignation at current strikes carried the anti-labor Case Bill through the House by a vote of 258 to 155. Now the ambitious stupidities of John L. and the cold selfishness of the mine owners threaten to carry it through the Senate. Which would be very sad.

It is important that we, and particularly Congress, should do a little cool, clear thinking on the subject of labor legislation. Because a law is necessary. The labor leaders won't admit it, but in their hearts they know that the country just can't afford to go on forever like this, staggering along from one crisis to another, never knowing where the next brownout is coming from.

In Congress you will naturally find a lot of confusion on the subject of proposed labor laws. Laws aimed straight at Lewis's heart are all mixed up with laws designed, or at least claimed, as protection for (1) the public (2) the employer and (3) the worker. Maybe we should try to unravel them. It won't be entertaining, but it might be educational.

First, there are the measures aimed at Lewis. Most notable of these is Senator Byrd's amendment to the Case Bill which would outlaw any payment by employers to any fund, such as John L.'s proposed health and welfare fund, that is controlled exclusively by the union.

At first Senator Byrd wanted to outlaw all such funds entirely, but some more intelligent crony apparently took him aside and explained how these funds are already common in the labor movement and are, in fact, enjoyed by men's and ladies' garment workers, textile workers, furriers, upholsterers, shipbuilders, jewelers, electrical workers, furniture workers, hotel workers, musicians and others. He might also have explained, this more intelligent crony, that miners in England, Spain, Belgium, Holland, India and New Zealand are assisted by special taxes on coal production. However, it should be brought out that secret and exclusive union control of these funds, at least in America, is almost unheard of, and also, that the average is around 3 per cent as compared with Lewis's demand for 7 per cent.

Senator Byrd has also proposed that if employers contribute most of the fund they must have majority control of its administration, in which case he is talking right through the employers' hat.

All those pushing labor bills, of course, pretend that they are protecting the public. But we shall concern ourselves here only with those provisions that make some pretense toward developing machinery to prevent strikes. There was the Ball-Burton-Hatch Act, discussed at length in these pages, which wanted to apply the tortuous, cumbersome mechanism of the Railway Labor Act to all disputes. That seems to have died a quiet death. Then there is the Case Bill, which mixes up a lot of anti-labor rubbish with a plan for a 30-day cooling-off period in which a National Mediation Board would get to work and presumably perform miracles where the present conciliation experts of the labor department have labored in vain.

Just why and how a mediation board will succeed where the labor department has failed no one, and least of all Mr. Case, has bothered to explain. It is reasonable to suppose that it won't.

Finally, there is President Truman's own plan, or the plan of his labor advisor, John Steelman, which is short and simple and consists only of a 30-day cooling-off period plus fact-finding and recommendations by a board specially appointed by the President. This column said once before and might as well say again, "It is quite true that the recommendation is a kind of modified, polite arbitration and thereby limits the right to strike. The cooling-off period also limits the right to strike. . . . And so the right to strike, where it seriously affects the national interest, would be limited. That is admitted, and that is exactly what, in the opinion of many of labor's friends, has become necessary." It would be better, however, if the fact-finders in Mr. Truman's plan had to be acceptable to both capital and labor.

We come then to provisions designed to protect, or promote, the interests of the employer. Their name is legion. Most of the stuff in the Case Bill about injunctions and exemptions for foremen and boycotts and withdrawing the protection of the Wagner Act is just this kind of pro-employer log-rolling—ingenious little plans to *get* labor in one way or another. It should all be killed as quickly as possible. Laws already on the books are, by and large, more than ample to protect the employer's legitimate interests in so far as they can be separated from those of the public.

Lastly, we come to the individual worker. He has all sorts of self-appointed champions in Congress, notably Senator Byrd again, who wants to draw up an elaborate blueprint, or straight jacket, that would regulate the affairs of every little local union from birth to death.

The American Civil Liberties Union has made an excellent investigation and report on this question. It makes

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the perfectly sound point that in unions enjoying a closed shop, or any variations thereof, the union officials enjoy a high degree of power over the rank-and-file and that this power is frequently abused. To protect the latter the report recommends two laws, one to prevent any kind of discrimination in job placement (such as the FEPC) and one to set up special labor courts that would have the power to review cases of union discipline, especially where these involve loss of job. If these laws proved insufficient, it might then be necessary to move in with public regulation of elections, finances and so forth. This is a report drawn up by experts with a long history of liberal, pro-labor activity, and it seems more than worthy of respect both in the labor movement and in Washington.

Everybody has been saying it, but nobody, or at least nobody in Congress, seems to believe it, namely, that laws conceived and born in the heat of passion have a poor chance of growing up to be children that papa will be proud of. Lewis and the unions and the country will still be here next week, next month, next year. There is plenty of time to do the job right.

JOHN C. CORT.

More Books of the Week

Must We Fight Russia? Ely Culbertson. Winston. $1.

WHAT have the people of the United States gained by their sacrifices and heroic labors of World War II? The real threat to American security embodied in Hitler and the Japanese warlords has now been supplanted by a threat which perhaps actually and without question potentially is even greater. Soviet Russia is not only far richer in territory, men and raw materials, but she has thousands of her obedient agents already entrenched in this country in key positions—labor leaders, writers and editors, even government officials. Meanwhile the world has shrunk still further; our natural barriers mean even less in a world of rocket propulsion, chemical warfare and atom bombs. The gloomy nature of this picture is unmistakable, but few Americans are willing to admit it openly.

Ely Culbertson is one of these. And he would go much farther in deepening the shadows. The superiority we have in the atom bomb which we, in utter folly, introduced into the technique of warfare has but two or three years to run. Our vaunted industrial superiority, which is essential, too, if atom bombing is to accomplish anything more positive than senseless devastation, can hardly last at best for more than another decade. Since 1943 we have steadily been losing ground politically; time is decidedly and irrevocably against us. That is America's present plight. And under our current inept political leadership and somnolent public opinion we continue to play a losing game. As the UN comes more and more to be an instrument for using up time, for prolonging chaos and incertitude, for forestalling any international action against aggression or establishing peace on any solid foundations, the United States grows comparatively weaker month by month—and at our peril.

One virtue of Mr. Culbertson's convincing pamphlet is that he faces up to all these things. Another is that he believes that something definite can be done. His solution is not a preventive war nor a vague hope of peace based on universal human sentiments. He does not count on the long-term beneficent effects of plenty for everyone or higher human welfare standards. There isn't time. And he knows that such objectives as curtailing national sovereignties or setting up a world government are too intangible and mean too many different things to too many different people to help us now.

Mr. Culbertson proposes, then, a simple but comprehensive three-point plan of United Nations reform, for dealing with the Russians or any future aggressor, for bringing into being at long last a genuine collective security. It is realistic politically and psychologically; it is concrete. Perhaps the plan is too clear, too self-confident, too simple. The point is that it squarely meets the challenge of the hour; our only hope of political salvation inevitably lies in the Culbertson direction. His figures may stand certain revisions, his threefold program for UN reform to provide genuine security for all nations and all people can probably be improved by minor modifications, but Mr. Culbertson has a sound idea. His main problem is how to win over enough of his fellow-Americans to bring about effective popular pressure. He has ideas about that, too.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Shakespeares and "The Old Faith." John Henry de Groot. King's Crown. $3.00.
Shakespeare's History Plays. E. M. W. Tillyard. Macmillan. $3.00.

IN 1757, under the tiled roof of the house of Stratford-on-Avon now known as the birthplace, there was discovered by a bricklayer the spiritual last will and testament of "John Shakspear." The house, bought in 1556 by John, the poet's father, was still in possession of the Harts, lineal descendants of William's sister, when the testament was found. It is not a legal document but a Catholic's full profession of faith. Its authenticity has been the subject of dispute for over a century, but in 1923, after forty-one years of patient research, the Reverend Herbert Thurston, S.J., discovered in the British Museum a Spanish version of the same testament published in 1661 in Mexico City which explains that it is the last will of the soul drawn up by Saint Charles Borromeo possibly during the time of the plague in Milan. Since Cardinal Borromeo was host to Father Persons and Father Campion, the Jesuit missionaries, on their way from Rome to England in 1580, the fact that they distributed an English translation seems confirmed by the letter from the Rector of the English College in France in 1581 to the Rector of the English College in Rome saying:

> Father Robert [Persons] wants three or four thousand more of the Testaments for many persons desire to have them.

William Shakespeare's intimacy with the Old Faith seems indicated by his mention of a month's mind Mass in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Of the evening Mass in "Romeo and Juliet," which was the term applied to Masses said after the noon hour; of the sacraments of penance and extreme unction in "Hamlet," where the ghost speaks of being murdered "unhousel'd . . . unanel'd"; of reference to our Lady in "The Tempest" and "All's Well That Ends Well." His sympathy is evident in "King John" where he ignored the fact that John had stood as a Protestant hero against Papal aggression in the old play, "The Troublous Raigne," and showed the King as an usurping villain; and, although he has satirized Persons in "As You Like It" and "The Merry Wives," the Friars of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing" are accorded full respect.

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Mr. de Groot has sifted with such meticulous thoroughness all the known facts about Shakespeare's parents, schoolmasters and the traces of theological bias in his poetry that, until new evidence be unearthed, his study should be definitive. His conclusion is that John Shakespeare was a practicing Catholic and that William was brought up in a Catholic home, but that so far no evidence has been found that the poet, as a man, ever professed the Old Faith.

That faith, however, was still the ozone of the philosophic thought which Shakespeare breathed in London and which Professor Tillyard makes the basis for a study of the historical plays, endowing them thereby with a new and most interesting importance. An authority on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Fellow of Jesus College, lecturer in the University of Cambridge and recipient of an O.B.E. from the First World War, Professor Tillyard upholds the claims to authenticity of "Henry VI" and suggests that the historical plays from "Richard II" to "Richard III" form a dramatic epic of the English realm in two tetralogies of four plays each. "Richard II," "Henry IV," Parts I and II, "Henry V," "Henry VI," Parts I, II, III, and "Richard III." Nor does he consider them merely as other versions or continuations of the popular chronicle plays but much more analogous to the older moralities with material taken not alone from Holinshed but from the more philosophical historian, Hall, and showing the influence of the church homilies and "The Mirror For Magistrates," a collection of moral biographies in the form of dialogues between princes and statesmen who discuss in the next world the cause of their downfall. Incidentally, Dr. Tillyard here remarks that with the decline of the influence of the Church, literature suffered by acquiring a much more didactic form.

To the Elizabethans the universe was the harmonious creation of God. This harmony extending from the celestial kingdom with its angelic hierarchy down through the macrocosm of human society to the microcosm of the individual man; man being the link between the heavens and the animal and vegetable kingdom.

> The heavens themselves, the planets and this center
> Observe degree, priority and place

says Ulysses in "Troilus and Cressida." But "take one degree away, untune that string and hark what discord follows." The mighty Edward III with his seven sons brought glory and prosperity to England but dissonance came with the injustices of Richard II, when Bolingbroke not only forced Richard to cede him the crown but as Henry IV reddened his hands with blood of England's lawful King. Henry, indeed, realized his sin but died before he could make his pilgrimage of reparation to the Holy Land; Henry V held the curse and punishment in abeyance by his wise reign and bravery, but with the youth and weakness of Henry VI discord thundered into the Wars of the Roses and the culminating villainy of Richard III. Only then, after great travail, came the union of Lancaster and York, and Henry VII, descendant of King Arthur by the Tudors, was herald of the days of English glory soon to follow. This was the Tudor myth, as neat a bit of propaganda as ever planned in the twentieth century and which inculcated, with reminders of the horrors of civil war, a hearty dread of another rebellion—a great safeguard to the Tudor dynasty.

In rereading "Henry VI," its chaos must therefore be taken as the violent storm through which the ship of state must make its way before it comes to port, and the Henry plays, viewed as an epic, are a lively picture of their periods. Although Hotspur is the modern favorite, to Prince Hal is given the greater sophistication, courtliness and cool judgment which were considered the ideal royal prerogatives; but Prince Hal, as Henry V, turned out to be so simple and successful a soldier that Tillyard believes Shakespeare got bored with him and turned to the more complicated mentalities of Macbeth and Hamlet. Falstaff, we are reminded, is a very well educated man, and so was his creator. Professor Tillyard is insistent upon the sound scholarship of Shakespeare whose chance allusions show him so well versed in the literature and thought of his time, intimate with Plato as well as the Bible and well trained in theology.

Both these books are a very valuable addition to any library. While not recommended to the casual reader, Professor Tillyard offers rich emolument to the not too casual Shakespearean student together with a scholar's sympathetic survey of Elizabethan literature. All those who knew beforehand about "The Mirror For Magistrates," please step up front!

E. V. R. WYATT.

The Clock of History. Alvin Johnson. Norton. $3.00.

A WISE MAN and scholarly economist, Alvin Johnson has continued through life a liberal despite academic assignments, a dozen years with the *New Republic,* and almost a score of years as director of the New School for Social Research. Beard and Robinson started him on the right path so that he utilizes history to teach and to learn—that is the new history, not the conventional history bound by rule, inhibition, and the convention of the classroom. Consistently, he views life as an unshakeable believer in practical democracy, in the rights of man, in all the freedoms, especially intellectual freedom, in toleration, in the brotherhood of man, and in the sanctity of the individual. This creed he would pass on in this little volume of editorial morsels of wisdom, orginally written for the *Bulletin* of the New School or in personalized addresses.

Scores of observations are quotable in their challenge to readers who dare to think in these chaotic days. "The clock of history never turns back" yet peacemakers ever seek to restore an earlier status "with improvements as conceived by the victors." Adjustments are made reluctantly. Isolation, security for privileged position, tolerance of mass unemployment, and totalitarianism, at least fascistic, racialism, the illusion of Nordic [or Anglo-Saxon] superiority—ever an endemic force in these United States— he hopefully considers gone forever unless the world will face an atomic war or the United States and Russia fight for a mere ideology. He would warn of the danger of tensions among the United Nations; he would treat the enemy nations with humanity for our own moral sake; he fears anti-British propaganda, lest men forget "the British are our kind of people"; he does not dread Russia, nor love Franco; he is aware that "early European critics felt as gloomy about it [our system] as Herbert Hoover felt about the Soviets"; and he displays marked respect for the opinions of plain people who have often judged more rightly than the important people in our country's passing crises. Similarly he urges that postwar reaction against Wilsonian progressivism was most violent in the intellectual levels, as public libraries excluded

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"mildly liberal journals"; colleges hunted heresies; fearful scholars, particularly in the political sciences, shifted toward the right as professors found it expedient "to avoid controversial subjects, the subjects most needing open and free discussion"; and politicians followed their single sensitive nerve.

To Alvin Johnson, "the Constitution is the most magnificent asset in the possession of democratic freedom, provided that we the people are prepared for a live, mobile, intelligent and adequately equipped defense." Apparently he agrees with Mr. Beard that political science in its creative generations after 1776 prospered in the hands of practical men whereas it has now fallen into the hands of the professors and become "pedantic, unrealistic, and infertile." In America, there is much that is vulnerable; endemic anti-Semitism; social discrimination against the Negro; a fear of Russia which might translate itself into a later war even as did the yellow-peril hatred of four decades ago; crooked politics; a tabloid opinion on all issues; and recurrent fears of this people, this race, this creed. Yet quite rightly, Dr. Johnson warns that "no seasoned historian would assert that we have any such accumulation of abuses as could be touched off into a general explosion by any ideology, communist or fascist." This will remain true as long as justice is done, human rights protected, and the individual human being respected. Oppressors may have superior force, but the free spirit of man has met no final defeat as it marches on through revolutions and wars. Relative to the four freedoms, Johnson holds "if we can attain these freedoms for all we are on the way to an organization of the world in which human rights are paramount." But as in Naples, there must be flies in every soup.

This is enough to indicate the socio-political philosophy of Alvin Johnson whose book deserves thoughtful consideration by readers who would survey America in a hopeful but critical light. They may accept or refute in whole or in part as they see fit without discomfiture for the author.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

White Man's Burden. Ruth Smith. Vanguard. $2.00.

THIS is a little book—even the slow reader can compass it in less than three hours—but it packs a punch. No, that is the wrong figure. Say rather that it enkindles a flame. I have read many books on the race question which present the matter more logically than this; convincing books, written to convince. *White Man's Burden* is aimed at the heart, not at the head. Miss Smith rightly apprehends that most Americans fundamentally believe in justice; it is motivation that they need, rather than proofs. The author has the gift, not too common, of putting feeling into words. She dips deep into the human heart and bears the content away in sentences that do not wither their precious freight. The pulsing warmth still is there.

Which is to say that Miss Smith writes well. There is genuine beauty in her book—a tender sort of beauty, as one would expect from the soul of a Celt and the face (see jacket) of a mystic. There are sentences that make one want to reach for a pencil ". . . we raced for the slab and sat talking and eating apples and rubbing the minutes together greedily," or "Moral compromise and fear make for a kind of feebleness which, mixed with religion, is terrible." The author is a Protestant, but her book might well have been written by a Catholic. I wish it

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had. She has a clearer conception of the Mystical Body than many a priest.

"White Man's Burden" is a hard book to classify. Miss Smith herself calls it, "A Personal Testament." She has taught Negroes, has lived with them and among them. She has distilled her experience, and put it between the covers of a book. It makes good reading. Anyone above the comic-strip level should enjoy it, whether or not he ever saw a Negro or heard of the Ku Klux Klan. I am not a littérateur; my own field of specialized study was history. But if this book is not literature then I shall retire in confusion to Pastor's Lives of the Popes.

LEO J. TRESE.

The Snake Pit. Mary Jane Ward. Random. $2.50.

HAPPILY the average reader has scant basis to judge whether this picture of the workings and failures to function of a temporarily insane woman's mind has much foundation in fact. That there are cruelties even in the better private mental hospitals is better known. Miss Ward is at least to be commended for calling attention so unmistakably through her heroine to the tragic plight of the ill and helpless inmate. Virginia's confusion in fact progressively deepens to such a point that the reader is quite unprepared for the triumph of her release. Doctor reviewers have vouched for the story's authenticity. And in any case this book club choice is a rather successful stunt.

The War on Malnutrition and Poverty. J. Murray Luck. Harper. $2.50. *The Cooperative Way. James Peter Warbasse. Barnes & Noble.* $2.00. *See Here, Private Enterprise. H. Sabin Bagger. Island Press. Cloth* $2.50., *paper* $1.50.

THE FIRST of these volumes, written by a biochemist, posits "a liberal diet" for all as an attainable social objective. It also touches on public health measures. But the bulk of Professor Luck's constructive and well-documented comment deals with consumer's cooperation, which he presents as the great contribution of the nineteenth century to the solution of the problem of poverty. He pins his faith on non-statist methods. Dr. Warbasse has long been a leader and a leading writer in the American cooperative movement. In presenting his "method of world reconstruction," he cites impressive pre-war records of European and other cooperatives. His style is diffuse; his words are inspirational in tone. Mr. Bagger's little book is chopped up into scores of heavily headlined brief paragraphs. It also takes the form of a fictitious dialogue more devoted to clinching arguments than achieving verisimilitude. Mr. Bagger, happily, does score a number of points in the cause of consumers cooperation.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD, editor of "The Soul Afire," is pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Sunnyside, Wash.

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